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THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

Dr. McHenry's new poetical work, under this title, has just been published in a very neat duodecimo volume, by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of this city. It is quite an extended work, and gives evidence of a vivid imagination, and very strong descriptive powers. The versification, in general, is smooth and agreeable, and rises at times to the beautiful and grand. The historical features of the work are based on the Mosaic records, and are said to be strictly correct. The plot possesses much interest, while the various episodes introduced, give an agreeable character to the whole volume.

Dr. McHenry's abilities as a prose writer, are well known and appreciated in this community, and one or more of his poetic works have been received with much favour. "The Antediluvians" is, therefore, entitled to some commendation, and should not be condemned until its merits or demerits are fully canvassed. In our opinion there is much in the volume that challenges admiration. We may hereafter give some extracts.

"THE AGE, and Lancaster Weekly Gazette," devoted to Temperance, Literature, &c. has just been commenced in Lancaster, Pa. by Messrs. Bryson, Pearsol, & Wimer, publishers of the Semi-Weekly Gazette, which has now been merged into "The Age;" the first No. of which is now before us. It is a well-filled sheet, handsomely printed, and displays no small degree of talent. It is to be published weekly at \$1 50 per annum, in advance. The friends of temperance and good morals should give it their hearty support and encouragement.

We have received a paper called "Times and Seasons," published at Nauvoo, Illinois. Its object appears to be the spread and promulgation of the religious peculiarities and tenets of the Mormons.

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THE LADIES' GARLAND.

Vol. IV.

A WREATH OF MANY FLOWERS.

No. 7.

JANUARY.

'Tis PLEASANT to the mind, the thought
By opening January brought,
That now the hasty-footed Sun
On vault the most depress'd has run
His BRIEFEST COURSE: that day by day
His track about the heaven's high way
Will form a wider, loftier arch;
And earlier, to attend his march,
Call forth the slumbering hours, nor leave
So soon to rest the shadowy eve.

Not that 'tis well to wish away
A month, or week, or passing day,
Or fleeting hour, or smallest space
Mark'd on the dial's changeful face;
For who can tell what awful power,
Month, week, or day, or fleeting hour,
Or moment, by the dial told,
May on our endless being hold?
What each quick waning point may breed,
And what may next to each succeed,
Behoves us, therefore, to devote,
As down the stream of life they float,
Or long or short, the passing days,
To works of love, our Maker's praise,
Thankful for each, that still among
The living greets us, short or long.
But as by His supreme decree
Who first commanded time to be,
Whate'er we wish, it still will run
Its progress, and to-morrow's sun
Still press on that which shines to-day,
And days successive pass away.
'Tis sweet and innocent withal,
To note o'er this our earthly ball
The growing arch; each morn and night
Enjoy the still progressive light,
And hail in his expanded wing
Faint symptoms of returning Spring.

Is there a heart that beats and lives,
To which no joy the Spring-time gives?
Alas! in that unfeeling heart
Nor love nor kindness has part;
Or chilling want, or pining care
Must brood, or comfortless despair
Blest, who without profane alloy
Can revel in that blameless joy!
More blest, in every welcome hour,
If Spring-time smile, or Winter lower,
Who round him scatter'd hears or sees
What still the excursive sense may please;

GAR.—VOL. IV.—No. 7.—JAN. 1840.

Who round him finds perchance unsought,
Fresh matter for improving thought;
And more, the more he looks abroad,
Marks, owns, and loves the present God!

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY MISS HANNAH GOULD.

Old winter is coming again—alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back,
He's a saucy old chap to white and black,
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knock,
For he comes from a cold country.

A witty old fellow this winter is,
A mighty old fellow for glee;
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,
The wrinkly old maiden unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this
Is the way with such fellows as he.

Old winter's a frolicsome blade I wot,
He is wild in his humour and free!
He'll whistle along for the "want of his thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the laces the pretty girls bought;
For a frolicsome fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song;
Now moaning and short—now howling and long,
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he.

Old winter's a wicked old chap I ween—
As wicked as ever you'll see!
He withers the flowers so fresh and green—
And bites the pert nose of the miss of sixteen,
As she triumphantly walks in maidenly sheen—
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you'll see!
He'll trip up your trotters, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes—
He minds not the cry of his friends or his foes—
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is winter they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we are passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave and gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

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MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

BROMLEY CHESTON, an officer in the United States navy, had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship came into New York; and after he had spent a week with a sister that was married in Boston, he could not resist his inclination to pay a visit to his maternal aunt, who had resided since her widowhood at one of the small towns on the banks of the Delaware.

The husband of Mrs. Marsden had not lived long enough to make his fortune, and it was his last injunction that she should retire with her daughter to the country, or at least to a country town. He feared that if she remained in Philadelphia, she would have too many temptations to exercise her taste for unnecessary expense: and that, in consequence, the very moderate income, which was all he was able to leave her, would soon be found insufficient to supply her with comforts.

We will not venture to say that duty to his aunt Marsden was the young lieutenant's only incentive to this visit: as she had a beautiful daughter about eighteen, for whom, since her earliest childhood, Bromley Cheston had felt something a little more vivid than the usual degree of regard that boys think sufficient for their cousins. His family had formerly lived in Philadelphia, and till he went into the navy Bromley and Albina were in habits of daily intercourse. Afterwards, on returning from sea, he always as soon as he set his foot on American ground, began to devise means of seeing his pretty cousin, however short the time and however great the distance. And it was in meditation on Albina's beauty and sprightliness that he had often "while sailing on the midnight deep," beguiled the long hours of the watch, and thus rendered more tolerable that dreariest part of a seaman's duty.

On arriving at the village, lieutenant Cheston immediately established his quarters at the hotel, fearing that to become an inmate of his aunt's house might cause her some inconvenience. Though he had performed the whole journey in a steamboat, he could not refrain from changing his waistcoat, brushing his coat sleeves, brushing his hat, brushing his hair, and altering the tie of his cravat. Though he had "never told his love," it cannot be said that concealment had "preyed on his damask cheek," the only change in that damask having been effected by the sun and wind of the ocean.

Mrs. Marsden lived in a small modest-looking white house, with a green door and green venetian shutters. In early summer the porch was canopied and perfumed with honeysuckle, and the windows with roses. In front was a flower garden, redolent of sweetness and beau-

ty; behind was a well-stored potager, and a flourishing little orchard. The windows were amply shaded by the light and graceful foliage of some beautiful locust-trees.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Cheston—and innocence—modesty—candour—contentment—peace—simple pleasures—intellectual enjoyments, and various other delightful ideas chased each other rapidly through his mind.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a black girl named Drusa, who had been brought up in the family, and whose delight on seeing him was so great that she could scarcely find it in her heart to tell him that "the ladies were both out, or at least partly out." Cheston, however, more than suspected that they were wholly at home, for he saw his aunt peeping over the bannisters, and had a glimpse of his cousin flitting into the back parlour; and besides, the whole domicile was evidently in some great commotion, strongly resembling that horror of all men, a house-cleaning. The carpets had been removed, and the hall was filled with the parlour chairs: half of them being turned bottom upwards on the others, with looking-glasses and pictures leaning against them; and he knew that, on such occasions, the ladies of a family in middle life are never among the missing.

"Go and give lieutenant Cheston's compliments to your ladies," said he, "and let them know that he is waiting to see them."

Mrs. Marsden now ran down stairs in a wrapper and morning cap, and gave her nephew a very cordial reception. "Our house is just now in such confusion," said she, "that I have no place to invite you to sit down in except the back porch." And there they accordingly took their seats.

"Do not suppose," continued Mrs. Marsden, "that we are cleaning house: but we are going to have a party to-night, and therefore you are most fortunate in your arrival, for I think I can promise you a very pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most genteel families within seven miles, and I can assure you there was a great deal of trouble in getting the notes conveyed. We have also asked a number of strangers from the city, who happen to be boarding in the village; we called on them for that purpose. If all that are invited were to come, we should have a complete squeeze; but unluckily we have received an unusual number of regrets, and some have as yet returned no answers at all. However, we are sure of Mrs. Washington Potts."

"I see," said Cheston, "you are having your parlours papered." "Yes" replied Mrs. Marsden, "we could not possibly have a party with that old-fashioned paper on the walls, and we sent to the city a week ago for a man to

come and bring with him some of the newest patterns, but he never made his appearance till last night, after we had entirely given him up, and after we had had the rooms put in complete order in other respects. But he says, as the parlours are very small, he can easily put on the new paper before evening, so we thought it better to take up the carpets, and take down the curtains, and undo all that we did yesterday, rather than the walls should look old-fashioned. I *did* intend having them painted, which would of course be much better, only that there was no time to get *that* done before the party, so we must defer the painting now for three or four years, till this new paper has grown old."

"But where is Albina?" asked Cheston.

"The truth is," answered Mrs. Marsden, "she is very busy making cakes; as in this place we can buy none that are fit for a party. Luckily, Albina is very clever at all such things, having been a pupil of Mrs. Goodfellow. But there is certainly a great deal of trouble in getting up a party in the country."

Just then the black girl, Drusa, made her appearance, and said to Mrs. Marsden, "I've been for that there bean you call vanilla, and Mr. Brown says he never heard of such a thing."

"A man that keeps so large a store has no right to be so ignorant," remarked Mrs. Marsden. "Then, Drusa, we must flavour the ice-cream with lemon."

"There an't no more lemons to be had," said the girl, "and we've just barely enough for the lemonade."

"Then some of the lemons must be taken for the ice-cream," replied Mrs. Marsden "and we must make out the lemonade with cream of tartar."

"I forgot to tell you," said Drusa, "that Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no more cream, upon no account."

"How vexatious!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, "I wish we had two cows of our own—one is not sufficient when we are about giving a party. Drusa, we must make out the ice-cream by thickening some milk with eggs."

"Eggs are scarce," replied the girl, "Miss Albinar uses up so many for the cakes."

"She must spare some eggs from the cakes," said Mrs. Marsden, "and make out the cakes, by adding a little pearl ash. Go directly and tell her so."

Cheston, though by no means *au fait* to the mysteries of confectionary, could not help smiling at all this making out—"Really," said his aunt, "these things are very annoying. And as this party is given to Mrs. Washington Potts, it is extremely desirable that nothing should fail. There is no such thing now as having company, unless we can receive and entertain them in a certain style."

"I perfectly remember," said Cheston; "the last party at which I was present in your house. I was then a midshipman, and it was just before I sailed on my cruise in the Pacific. I spent a delightful evening."

"Yes, I recollect that night," replied Mrs. Marsden. "In those days it was not necessary for us to support a certain style, and parties were then very simple things, except among people of the first rank. It was thought sufficient to have two or three baskets of substantial cakes at tea, some almonds, raisins, apples, and oranges handed round afterwards, with wine and cordial, and then a large-sized pound-cake at the last. The company assembled at seven o'clock, and generally walked; for the ladies dresses were only plain white muslin. We invited but as many as could be accommodated with seats. The young people played at forfeits, and sung English and Scotch songs, and at the close of the evening danced to the piano. How Mrs. Washington Potts would be shocked if she was to find herself at one of those obsolete parties!"

"The calf-jelly won't be clear," said the black girl, again making her appearance. "Aunt Katy has strained it five times over through the flannen bag."

"Go then and tell her to strain it five-and-twenty times," said Mrs. Marsden, angrily—"It must and shall be clear. Nothing is more vulgar than cloudy jelly; Mrs. Washington Potts will not touch it unless it is transparent as amber."

"What, Nong tong paw again," said Cheston. "Now do tell me who is Mrs. Washington Potts?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of her?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Indeed I have not," replied Cheston. "You forget, that for several years I have been cruising on classic ground, and I can assure you that the name of Washington Potts has not yet reached the shores of the Mediterranean."

"She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans," pursued Mrs. Marsden. "They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having first visited London and Paris. During the warm weather they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate. So we have concluded to give them a party, previous to their return to Philadelphia, which is to take place immediately. She is a charming woman, though she certainly makes strange mistakes in talking. You have no idea how sociable she is, at least since she returned our call; which, to be sure, was not till the end of a week; and Albina and I had sat up in full dress to receive her for no less than five days; that is, from twelve o'clock till three. At last she

came, and it would have surprised you to see how affably she behaved to us."

"Not at all," said Cheston, "I should not have expected that she would have treated you rudely."

"She really," continued Mrs. Marsden, "grew quite intimate before her visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina's moss-roses: so we could do no less than give her all that were blown. From that day she has always sent to us when she wants flowers."

"No doubt of it," said Cheston.

"You cannot imagine," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "on what a familiar footing we are. She has a high opinion of Albina's taste, and often gets her to make up caps, and do other little things for her. When any of her children are sick, she never sends any where else for currant jelly or preserves. Albina makes gingerbread for them every Saturday. During the holidays she frequently sent her three boys to spend the day with us. There is the very place in the railing where Randolph broke out a stick to whip Jefferson with, because Jefferson had thrown in his face a hot baked apple which the mischievous little rogue had stolen out of old Katy's oven."

In the mean time, Albina had taken off the brown holland bib apron, which she had worn all day in the kitchen, and telling the cook to watch carefully the plumb-cake that was baking, she hastened to her room by a back staircase, and proceeded to take the pins out of her hair; for where is the young lady that on any emergency whatever, would appear before a young gentleman with her hair pinned up. Though, just now, the opening of her curls was a considerable inconvenience to Albina, as she had bestowed much time and pains on putting them up for the evening.

Finally, she came down, "in prime array," and Cheston, who had left her a school-girl, found her now grown to womanhood and more beautiful than ever. Still he could not forbear reproving her for treating him so much as a stranger, and not coming to him at once in her morning-dress.

"Mrs. Washington Potts," said Albina "is of opinion that a young lady should never be seen in dishabille by a gentleman."

Cheston now found it very difficult to hear the name of Mrs. Potts with patience. "Albina," thought he, "is bewitched as well as her mother."

He spoke of his cruise in the Mediterranean, and Albina told him that she had seen a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples, in a souvenir belonging to Mrs. Washington Potts.

"I have brought with me some sketches of Mediterranean scenery," pursued Cheston. "You know I draw a little. I promise my-

self great pleasure in showing and explaining them to you."

"Oh! do send them this afternoon," exclaimed Albina. "They will be the very things for the centre table. I dare say the Montagues will recognise some of the places they have seen in Italy, for they have travelled all over the south of Europe."

"And who are the Montagues?" inquired Cheston.

"They are a very elegant English family," answered Mrs. Marsden, "cousins in some way to several noblemen."

"Perhaps so," said Cheston.

"Albina met with them at the lodgings of Mrs. Washington Potts," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "where they have been staying a week for the benefit of country air; and so she enclosed her card, and sent them invitations to her party. They have as yet returned no answer; but that is no proof they will not come, for perhaps it may be the newest fashion in England not to answer notes."

"You know the English are a very peculiar people," remarked Albina.

"And what other lions have you provided?" said Cheston.

"Oh! no others except a poet," replied Albina. "Have you never heard of Bewley Garvin Gandy?"

"Never!" answered Cheston—"Is that all one man?"

"Nonsense," replied Albina; "you know that poets generally have three names. B. G. G. was formerly Mr. Gandy's signature; when he wrote only for the newspapers, but now since he has come out in the magazines, and annuals, and published his great poem of the *World of Sorrow*, he gives his name at full length. He has tried law, physic, and divinity, and has resigned all for the Muses. He is a great favourite with Mrs. Washington Potts."

"And now, Albina," said Cheston, "as I know you can have but little leisure to-day I will only detain you while you indulge me with '*Auld lang syne*'—I see the piano has been moved out into the porch."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsden, "on account of the parlour papering."

"Oh! Bromley Cheston," exclaimed Albina, "do not ask me to play any of those antediluvian Scotch songs. Mrs. Washington Potts cannot tolerate any thing but Italian."

Cheston, who had no taste for Italian, immediately took his hat, and apologizing for the length of his stay, was going away with the thought that Albina had much deteriorated in growing up.

"We shall see you this evening without the ceremony of a further invitation!" said Albina.

"Of course," replied Cheston.

"I quite long to introduce you to Mrs. Washington Potts," said Mrs. Marsden.

"What simpletons these women are," thought Cheston as he hastily turned to depart.

"The big plumb cake's burnt to a coal," said Drusa, putting her head out of the kitchen door.

Both the ladies were off in an instant to the scene of disaster. And Cheston returned to his hotel, thinking of Mrs. Potts, (whom he had made up his mind to dislike,) of the old adage, that "evil communication corrupts good manners," and of the almost irresistible contagion of folly and vanity. "I am disappointed in Albina," said he, "in future, I will regard her only as my mother's niece, and more than a cousin she shall never be to me."

Albina having assisted Mrs. Marsden in lamenting over the burnt cake, took off her silk frock, again pinned up her hair, and joined assiduously in preparing another plumb-cake, to replace the first one. A fatality seemed to attend nearly all the confections, as is often the case, when particular importance is attached to their success. The jelly obstinately refused to clarify, and the blanc-mange was equally unwilling to congeal. The macaroons having run in baking, had neither shape nor feature, the kisses declined rising, and the sponge-cake contradicted its name. Some of the things succeeded, but most were complete failures: probably because (as old Katy insisted) "there was a spell upon them." In a city these disasters could easily have been remedied, (even at the eleventh hour,) by sending to a confectioner's shop; but in the country there is no alternative. Some of these mischances might perhaps have been attributed to the volunteered assistance of a mantua-maker, that had been sent for from the city to make new dresses for the occasion, and who, on this busy day, being "one of the best creatures in the world," had declared her willingness to turn her hand to any thing.

It was late in the afternoon before the paping was over, and then great indeed was the bustle in clearing away the litter, clearing the floors, putting down the carpets, and replacing the furniture. In the midst of the confusion, and whilst the ladies were earnestly engaged in fixing the ornaments, Drusa came in to say that Dixon the waiter that had been hired for the evening, had just arrived, and falling to work immediately, he had poured all the blanc-mange down the sink, mistaking it for bonny-clabber.* This intelligence was almost too much to bear, and Mrs. Marsden could scarcely speak for vexation.

"Drusa," said Albina, "you are a raven that has done nothing all day but croak of disaster.

Away and show your face no more, let what will happen."

Drusa departed, but in a few minutes she again put in her head at the parlour door, and said, "Ma'am, may I just speak one time more?"

"What now?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Oh! there's nothing else spilled or flung down the sink, jist now," said Drusa, "but something's at hand a heap worse than all. Missus's old aunt Quimby has jist landed from the boat, and is coming up the road with baggage enough to last all summer."

"Aunt Quimby!" exclaimed Albina, "this indeed caps the climax!"

"Was there ever any thing more provoking," said Mrs. Marsden. When I lived in town she annoyed me sufficiently, by coming every week to spend a day with me, and now she does not spend days but *weeks*. I would go to Alabama to get rid of her."

"And then," said Albina, "she would come and spend *months* with us. However, to do her justice she is a very respectable woman."

"All bores are respectable people," replied Mrs. Marsden, "if they were otherwise, it would not be in their power to bore us, for we could cut them and cast them off at once. How very unlucky. What will Mrs. Washington Potts think of her—and the Montagues too, if they *should* come? Still we must not affront her, as you know she is rich."

"What can her riches signify to us," said Albina, "she has a married daughter."

"True," replied Mrs. Marsden, "but you know riches should always command a certain degree of respect, and there are such things as legacies."

"After all, according to the common saying, 'tis an ill wind that blows no good,' the parlours having been freshly papered, we can easily persuade aunt Quimby that they are too damp for her to sit in, and so we can make her stay up stairs all the evening."

At this moment the old lady's voice was heard at the door, discharging the porter who had brought her baggage on his wheelbarrow; and the next minute she was in the front parlour. Mrs. Marsden and Albina were properly astonished, and properly delighted at seeing her; but each, after a pause of recollection, suddenly seized the old lady by the arms and conveyed her into the entry, exclaiming, "Oh! aunt Quimby, aunt Quimby! this is no place for you."

"What's the meaning of all this," cried Mrs. Quimby, "why won't you let me stay in the parlour?"

"You'll get your death," answered Mrs. Marsden,—"you'll get the rheumatism. Both parlours have been newly papered to-day, and the walls are quite wet."

"That's a bad thing," said Mrs. Quimby

* Thick sour milk.

—“a very bad thing—I wish you had put off your papering till next spring. Who’d have thought of your doing it this day of all days.”

“Oh! aunt Quimby,” said Albina, “why did you not let us know that you were coming?”

“Why, I wanted to give you an agreeable surprise,” replied the old lady. “But tell me why the rooms are so decked out with flowers hanging about the looking-glasses and lamps, and why the candles are dressed out with cut paper or something that looks like it.”

“We are going to have a party to night,” said Albina. “A party—I’m glad of it. Then I’m just come in the nick of time.”

“I thought you had long since given up parties,” said Mrs. Marsden, turning pale.

“No, indeed—why should I—I always go when I am asked—to be sure, I can’t make much figure at parties now, being in my seventy-fifth year. But Mrs. Howks and Mrs. Himes, and several others of my old friends, always invite me to their daughters’ parties, along with Mary; and I like to sit there and look about me and see people’s new ways. Mary had a party herself last winter, and it went off very well, only that both of the children came out that night with the measles; and one of the lamps leaked, and the oil ran all over the side-board, and streamed down on the carpet; and, it being the first time we ever had ice-cream in the house, Peter, the stupid black boy, not only brought saucers to eat it in, but cups and saucers both.”

The old lady was now hurried up stairs, and she showed much dissatisfaction on being told that as the damp parlours would certainly give her her death, there was no alternative but for her to remain all the evening in the chamber allotted to her. This chamber, (the best furnished in the house) was also to be ‘the ladies’ room,’ and Albina somewhat consoled Mrs. Quimby by telling her that as the ladies would come up there to take off their hoods and arrange their hair, she would have an opportunity of seeing them all before they went down stairs. And Mrs. Marsden promised to give orders that a portion of all the refreshments should be carried up to her, and that Miss Matson, the mantua-maker, should sit with her a great part of the evening.

It was now time for Albina and her mother to commence dressing, but Mrs. Marsden went down stairs again with ‘more last words,’ to the servants, and Albina to make some change in the arrangement of the centre-table.

She was in a loose gown, her curls were pinned up, and to keep them close and safe, she had tied over her head an old gauze handkerchief. While bending over the centre-table and marking with rose leaves some

of the most beautiful of Mrs. Hemans’ poems, and opening two or three souvenirs, at their finest plates, a knock was suddenly heard at the door, which proved to be the baker with the second plumb-cake, it having been consigned to his oven. Albina desired him to bring it to her, and putting it on the silver waiter, she determined to divide it herself into slices, being afraid to trust that business to any one else, lest it should be awkwardly cut or broken to pieces; it being quite warm.

The baker went out, leaving the front-door open, and Albina intent on her task of cutting the cake, did not look up till she heard the sound of footsteps in the parlour, and then what was her dismay on perceiving Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their daughter.

Albina’s first impulse was to run away, but she saw that it was now too late; and pale with confusion and vexation, she tried to summon sufficient self-command to enable her to pass off this *contre-tems* with something like address.

It was not yet dusk, the sun being scarcely down, and of all the persons invited to the party, it was natural to suppose that the English family would have come the latest.

Mr. Montague was a long-bodied, short-legged man, with round gray eyes, that looked as if they had been put on the outside of his face, the sockets having no apparent concavity; a sort of eye that is rarely seen in an American. He had a long nose, and a large heavy mouth, with projecting under teeth, and altogether an unusual quantity of face; which face was bordered round with whiskers, that began at his eyes and met under his chin, and resembling in texture the coarse wiry fur of a black bear. He kept his hat under his arm, and his whole dress seemed as if modelled from one of the caricature prints of a London dandy.

Mrs. Montague, (evidently some years older than her husband,) was a gigantic woman, with features that looked as if seen through a magnifying glass. She had heavy piles of yellowish curls, and a crimson velvet toque. Her daughter was a tall hard-faced girl of seventeen, meant for a child by her parents, but not meaning herself as such. She was dressed in a white muslin frock and trowsers, and had a mass of black hair curling on her neck and shoulders.

They all fixed their large eyes directly upon her, and it was no wonder that Albina quailed beneath their glance, or rather their stare, particularly when Mrs. Montague surveyed her through her eye-glass. Mrs. Montague spoke first. “Your note did not specify the hour—Miss—Miss Martin,” said she “and as you Americans are early people, we thought we were only complying with the

simplicity of republican manners by coming before dark. We suppose that in general you adhere to the primitive maxim of 'early to bed and early to rise.' I forget the remainder of the rhyme, but you know it undoubtedly."

Albina at that moment wished for the presence of Bromley Cheston. She saw from the significant looks that passed between the Montagues, that the unseasonable earliness of this visit did not arise from their ignorance of the customs of American society, but from premeditated impertinence. And she regretted still more having invited them, when Mr. Montague, with impudent familiarity, walked up to the cake (which she had nicely cut into slices without altering its form) and took one of them out. "Miss Martin," said he, "your cake looks so inviting that I cannot refrain helping myself to a piece. Mrs. Montague give me leave to present one to you. Miss Montague will you try a slice."

They sat down on the sofa, each with a piece of cake, and Albina saw that they could scarcely refrain from laughing openly, not only at her dishabille, but at her disconcerted countenance.

Just at this moment Drusa appeared at the door, and called out, "Miss Albina, the preserved squinches are all working. Missus found 'em so when she opened the jar." Albina could bear no more, but hastily darting out of the room, she run up stairs almost crying with vexation.

Old Mrs. Quimby was loud in her invectives against Mr. Montague for spoiling the symmetry of the cake, and helping himself and his family so unceremoniously. "You may rely upon it," said she, "a man that will do such a thing in a strange house is no gentleman."

"On the contrary," observed Mrs. Marsden, "I have no doubt that in England these free and easy proceedings are high ton. Albina, have not you read some such things in Vivian Gray?"

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Quimby, "that if this Englishman was in his own country, he would dare to go and take other people's cake, without leave or license. But he thinks any sort of behaviour good enough for the Yankees, as they call us."

"I care not for the cake," said Albina "although the pieces must now be put into baskets. I only think of the Montagues walking in without knocking, and catching me in complete dishabille: after I had kept poor Bromley Cheston waiting half an hour this morning rather than he should see me in my pink gingham gown, and with my hair in pins."

"As sure as sixpence," remarked Mrs. Quimby, "this last shame has come upon

you as a punishment for your pride to your own cousin."

Mrs. Marsden having gone into the adjoining room to dress, Albina remained in this, and placed herself before the glass for the same purpose. "Heigho!" said she, "how pale and jaded I look. What a fatiguing day I have had! I have been on my feet since five o'clock this morning, and I feel now more fit to go to bed, than to add to my weariness, by the task of dressing, and then playing the agreeable for four or five hours. I begin to think that parties (at least such parties as are now in vogue) should only be given by persons who have large houses, large purses, conveniences of every description, and servants enough to do all that is necessary."

"Albina is talking quite sensibly," said aunt Quimby to Mrs. Marsden, who came in to see if her daughter required her assistance in dressing.

"Pho," said Mrs. Marsden, "think of the eclat of giving a party to Mrs. Washington Potts, and of having the Montagues among the guests. We shall find the advantage of it when we visit the city again."

"Albina," said aunt Quimby, "now we are about dressing, just quit for a few moments, and help me on with my long stays, and my new black silk gown, and let me have the glass awhile; I am going to wear my lace cap with the white satin riband. This dark calico gown and plain muslin cap won't do at all to sit here in, before all the ladies that are coming up."

"Oh! no matter," replied Albina, who was unwilling to relinquish the glass, or to occupy any of her time by assisting her aunt in dressing, (which was always a troublesome and tedious business with the old lady) and her mother had now gone down to be ready for the reception of the company, and to pay her compliments to the Montagues. "Oh! no matter," said Albina, "your present dress looks perfectly well, and the ladies will be too much engaged with themselves and their own dresses to remark any thing else. No one will observe whether your gown is calico or silk, or whether your cap is muslin or lace. Elderly ladies are always privileged to wear what is most convenient to them."

Albina put on the new dress that the mantua-maker had made for her. When she had tried it on the preceding evening, Miss Matson declared that "it fitted like wax." She now found that it was scarcely possible to get it on at all, and that one side of the forebody was larger than the other. Miss Matson was called up, and by dint of the pulling, stretching, and smoothing, well known to mantua-makers, and still more by means of her pertinacious assurances that the dress

had no fault whatever, Albina was obliged to acknowledge that she *could* wear it, and the redundancy of the large side was pinned down and pinned over. In sticking in her comb she broke it in half, and it was long before she could arrange her hair to her satisfaction without it. Before she had completed her toilette, several of the ladies arrived and came into the room, and Albina was obliged to snatch up her paraphernalia and make her escape into the next apartment.

At last she was dressed—she went down stairs. The company arrived fast and the party began.

Bromley Cheston had come early to assist in doing the honours, and as he led Albina to a seat, he saw that in spite of her smiles she looked weary and out of spirits, and he pitied her. "After all," thought he, "there is much that is interesting about Albina Marsden."

[To be continued.]

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

BY MRS. S. B. DANA.

It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner. The lambs were separated from their dams, and enclosed in a sheep cote, with only one narrow way out; the lambs were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join their dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked with his rod, saying, "Let this be holy."—*Union Bible Dictionary*. * * * And I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant.—*Ezekiel*.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future look'd blooming and gay:
And with a woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchor'd her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies:
There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod."

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seem'd,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told:
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to Heaven, he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod."

I saw when a father and mother had lean'd
On the arms of a dear cherish'd son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
And they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair;
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmer'd bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled;
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he show'd them a star in the bright upper world,
"Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God,
"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod."

Charleston, July 4th, 1840.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

MR. EDITOR,—After reading with delight, MRS. DANA'S beautiful thoughts on "Passing under the Rod," my own seemed almost involuntarily to flow in the same direction, as in the following humble imitation somewhat in the same manner.

BLESSING THE ROD.

"I can bless the Rod,"—'twas the tremulous voice
Of a young and a widow'd one—
While the paly-bleach'd cheek, and the dim-lighted eye,
Well-betoken'd her *all* was gone.
Her full cup of bliss had been dash'd all away,
With its nectarous flow at her lip;
And her beautiful buddings of promise so gay,
But appear'd for a canker to nip.
Her first fond embrace seem'd to turn unto clay
The idol too fondly beloved,
Every prop, every stay, had been taken away,
Yet her Christian faith was unmoved.
For unmoved was the rock upon which she had stood,
When tempestuous billows had roll'd,
And she felt, tho' 'twas fiercer than Death's chilly flood,
Yet she never would let go her hold,
There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"Peace, be still!" and the mourner is blessing the rod.

"I can bless the rod,"—'twas the melting tone
Of a young mother's exquisite woe,
Her bud had n't blown e'er its sweet life had flown,
And how lovely 'twas seeming to grow!
'Twas gracing her garden, bedecking her bower,
And the sweets of its fragrance came
Like the breezes of life, from the far 'better land,'
And her "Flower of Flowers" was its name.
But her smiles seem'd to wither her beautiful flower,
And her kisses to tarnish its bloom,
And the press of her fond and too loving embrace
To consign it, at last, to the tomb.
As the scent of its odour ascended on high,
The bereaved had sunk in her woe,
Had she lean'd not on Him, in His strength, ever nigh
To upraise the depress'd and the low:
There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"Thy flower's in heaven"—she's blessing the rod.

"We can bless the rod,"—'twas a mingled sound
From an aged and stricken pair;
They had lived to bury their one sweet hope,
And now branchless they seem'd and bare.
Oh! one lovely light on their wintry night
Arose with illumining ray,
From its beamings bright, their unsated sight
Then they never could turn away—
It had charm'd their eyes, and allured their hearts,
From the glory to be reveal'd,
So that light was quench'd—and then first appear'd
The sin that was so conceal'd.
They felt they had fasten'd a worshipping gaze
On a lovely but lower light,
So their uplifted eyes are away to the skies
To sin not again with the sight.
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God,
"I am the true light"—they are blessing the rod.

Columbia, S. C. Sept. 21, 1840.

M. M.



THE LAST ARROW.

THE LAST ARROW.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"And who be ye who rashly dare,
To chase in woods the forest child?
To hunt the panther to his lair—
The Indian in his native wild."—*Old Ballad.*

The American reader, if at all curious about the early history of his country, has probably heard of that famous expedition, undertaken by the vicegerent of Louis the Fourteenth, the governor-general of New France, against the confederated Five Nations of New York; an expedition which, though it carried with it all the pomp and circumstance of European warfare into their wild-wood haunts, was attended with no adequate results, and had but a momentary effect in quelling the spirit of the timeless Iroquois.

It was on the fourth of July, 1696, that the commander-in-chief, the veteran Count de Frontenac, marshalled the forces of La Chine, with which he intended to crush forever the powers of the Aganuschion confederacy. His regulars were divided into four battalions of two hundred men each, commanded respectively by three veteran leaders, and the young Chevalier de Grais. He formed also four battalions of Canadian volunteers, efficiently officered, and organized as regular troops. The Indian allies were divided into three bands, each of which was placed under the command of a nobleman of rank, who had gained distinction in the European warfare of France. One was composed of the Sault and St. Louis bands, and of friendly Abenakis; another consisted of the Hurons of Lorette and the mountaineers of the north; the third band was smaller, and composed indiscriminately of warriors of different tribes, whom a spirit of adventure led to embark upon the expedition. They were chiefly Ottawas, Saukies and Alonquins, and these the Baron de Bekancourt charged himself to conduct. This formidable armament was amply provisioned, and provided with all the munitions of war. Besides pikes, arquebusses, and other small arms then in use, they were furnished with grenades, a mortar to throw them, and a couple of field-pieces; which, with the tents and other camp equipment, were transported in large batteaux, built for the purpose. Nor was the energy of their movements unworthy of this brilliant preparation. Ascending the St. Lawrence, and coasting the shores of lake Ontario, they entered the Oswego river, cut a military road around the falls, and carrying their transports over the portage, launched them anew, and finally debouched with their whole flotilla upon the waters of Onondaga lake.

It must have been a gallant sight to behold

the warlike pageant floating beneath the primitive forest which then crowned the hills around that lovely water. To see the veterans who had served under Turenne, Vauban and the great Condé, marshalled with pike and cuirass beside the half naked Huron and Abenakis; while young cavaliers, in the less warlike garb of the court of the magnificent Louis, moved with plume and mantle amid the dusky files of wampum-decked Ottawas and Alonquins. Banners were there which had flown at Steenkirk and Landen; or rustled above the troopers that Luxemburgh's trumpets had guided to glory when Prince Waldeck's battalions were borne down beneath his furious charge. Nor was the enemy that this gallant host were seeking unworthy of those whose swords had been tried in some of the most celebrated fields of Europe. "The Romans of America," as the Five Nations have been called by more than one writer, had proved themselves soldiers, not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains of Carolina and the prairies of the Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defences of Montreal, with the same courage that, a half a century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau upon the banks of lake George.

Our business, however, is not with the main movements of this army, which, we have already mentioned, were wholly unimportant in their results. The aged Chevalier de Frontenac, was said to have other objects in view besides the political motives for the expedition, which he set forth to his master the Grand Monarque.

Many years previous, when the Five Nations had invested the capital of New France and threatened the extirmination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half-blood girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspices of the governor-general, and in whom, indeed, M. de Frontenac was said to have a parental interest, was carried off, with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois, to recover this child; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living as the contented wife of a young Mohawk warrior, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of reclaiming his "nut-brown daughter." Indeed, the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope, when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble that he was half the time carried in a

litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness, and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Five Nations under his conduct.

Among the half-breed spies, border scouts, and mongrel adventurers that followed in the train of the invading army, was a renegade Fleming, of the name of Hanyost. This man, in early youth, had been made a sergeant-major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then, making his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, had become domiciliated, as it were, among their allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, did not now hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintance; but offered his services as a guide to Count de Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity or the habitual love of treachery which actuated the base Fleming in this instance. Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitrament to the young Mohawk chief Kiodago, (a settler of disputes,) whose cool courage and firmness fully entitled him to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness, stung him to the soul, and fearing the arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accomplishment seemed now at hand. Kiodago, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing station, or summer-camp, among the wild hills about Konnedieyu,* and, when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces that by surprising this party, his long-lost daughter, the wife of Kiodago, might be once more given to his arms; a small, but efficient force was instantly detached from the main body of the army to strike the blow. A dozen musketeers, with twenty-five pikemen, led severally by the Baron de Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grai, the former having the chief command of the expedition, were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodago. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness; but just before dawn on the second day, the party found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Indian village.

The place was wrapped in repose, and the

two cavaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete, that their commandant's daughter must certainly be taken. The baron, after a careful examination of the hilly passes, determined to lead the onslaught, while his companion in arms, with Hanyost, to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the chieftain's wife. This being arranged, their followers were warned not to injure the female captives while cutting their defenders to pieces, and then a moment being allowed for each man to take a last look at the condition of his arms, they were led to the attack.

The inhabitants of the fated village, secure in their isolated situation, aloof from the war-parties of that wild district, had neglected all precaution against surprise, and were buried in sleep when the whizzing of a grenade, that terrible, but now superseded engine of destruction, roused them from their slumbers. The missile, to which a direction had been given that carried it in a direct line through the main row of wigwams, which formed the little street, went crashing among their frail frames of basket-work, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then, as the startled warriors leaped all naked and unarmed from their blazing lodges, the French pikemen, waiting only for a volley from the musketeers, followed it up with a charge still more fatal. The wretched savages were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. Some overwhelmed with dismay sank unresisting upon the ground, and covering up their heads after the Indian fashion when resigned to death, awaited the fatal stroke without a murmur; others, seized with a less benumbing panic, sought safety in flight, and rushed upon the pikes that lined the forest's paths around them. Many there were, however, who, schooled to scenes as dreadful, acquitted themselves like warriors. Snatching their weapons from the greedy flames, they sprang with irresistible fury upon the bristling files of pikemen. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Europeans, whose corslets, ruddy with the reflected fires mid which they fought, glinted back still brighter sparks from the hatchets of flint which crashed against them. The fierce veterans pealed the charging cry of many a well-fought field in other climes; but wild and high the Indian whoop rose shrill above the din of conflict, until the hovering raven in mid air caught up and answered that discordant shriek.

De Grai, in the meantime, surveyed the scene of action with eager intentness, expecting each moment to see the paler features of the Christian captive among the dusky females who ever and anon sprang shrieking from the blazing lodges, and were instantly hurled backward into the flames by fathers

* Since corrupted into "Canada;" Beautiful Water: probably so called from its amber colour—now Trenton Falls.

and brothers, who even thus would save them from the hands that vainly essayed to grasp their distracted forms. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance, and just when the fight was raging hottest, and the high-spirited Frenchman, beginning to despair of his prey, was about launching into the midst of it, he saw a tall warrior who had hitherto been forward in the conflict, disengage himself from the *melee*, and wheeling suddenly upon a soldier, who had likewise separated from his party, brain him with a tomahawk before he could make a movement in his defence. The quick eye of the young chevalier, too, caught a glance of another figure, in pursuit of whom, as she emerged with an infant in her arms, from a lodge on the farthest side of the village, the luckless Frenchman had met his doom. It was the Christian captive, the wife of Kiodago, beneath whose hand he had fallen. That chieftain now stood over the body of his victim, brandishing a war-club which he had snatched from a dying Indian near. Quick as thought, De Grais levelled a pistol at his head, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he withheld his fire. Kiodago, in the meantime, had been cut off from the rest of his people by the soldiers, who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept open. A cry of agony escaped the high-souled savage, as he saw how thus the last hope was lost. He made a gesture, as if about to rush again into the fray, and sacrifice his life with his tribesmen; and then perceiving how futile must be the act, he turned on his heel, and bounded after his retreating wife, with arms outstretched, to shield her from the dropping shots of the enemy.

The uprising sun had now lighted up the scene, but all this passed so instantaneously that it was impossible for De Grais to keep his eye upon the fugitives amid the shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when, accompanied by Hanyost and seven others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodago, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party. Her forest training had made the Christian captive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard, too, the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, and pressing her infant in her arms she urged her flight over crag and fell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of pursuit grows nearer as they catch a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But

now again Kiodago is by her side; he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and placed her infant in her arms; and already, with renewed activity, the Indian mother is speeding on to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodago looked a moment after her retreating figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now have easily escaped his pursuers; but as he stepped back from the edge of the cliff, and looked down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war-club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter.—There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them. His bow was strung quickly, but with as much coolness as if there was no exigency to require haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest, exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when pierced through and through by one of Kiodago's arrows, he toppled from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves in his death-agony, among the tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate and a third victim would probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb-joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed the last arrow in the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodago again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain peeled a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and that three only followed him. He had recognised the scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that that wiley traitor, instead of being misled by his *ruse*, had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a mountain torrent and then leaving his foot-marks, dashed in the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a

rock beyond, recrossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a fallen tree, while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken hillock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of De Grai, Hanyost, and a French musketeer, were hotly urging their way. The hunted warrior ground his teeth with rage when he heard the voice of the treacherous Fleming in the glen below him; and springing from crag to crag, he circled the rocky knoll, and planted his foot by the roots of a blasted oak that shot its limbs above the cavern, just as his wife had reached the spot, and pressing her babe to her bosom, sank exhausted among the flowers that waved in the moist breath of the cave. It chanced that at that very instant, De Grai and his followers had paused beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whose broken surface the foot of the flying Indian had disengaged a stone, which crackling among the branches, found its way through a slight ravine into the glen below. The two Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musketeer, pointing in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The chevalier, who had made one step in advance of a broad rock between them, leaned upon it, pistol in hand, half turning towards his follower; while the scout, who stood farthest out from the steep bank, bending forward to discover the mouth of the cave, must have caught a glimpse of the sinking female, just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God help thee now, bold archer! thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the sleuth-hound is upon thee; and thy scalp-lock, whose plumes now flutter in the breeze, will soon be twined in the fingers of the vengeful renegade. Thy wife—But hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left!

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow was still griped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffened thumb forebore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not lost its power.* The crisis which it takes so long to describe, had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the Frenchmen, inexperienced in woodcraft, were at fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit, and that further flight was hopeless; while the scene of his burning village in the distance, inflamed him with

hate and fury towards the instrument of his misfortunes. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of the other swelled as if the whole energies of his body were collected in that single effort, Kiodago aims at the treacherous scout, and the twanging bowstring dismisses his last arrow upon its errand. The hand of the SPIRIT could alone have guided that shaft! But WANEYO smiles upon the brave warrior, and the arrow, while it rattles harmless against the cuirass of the French officer, glances towards the victim for whom it was intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dying wretch grasped the sword-chain of the chevalier, whose corslet clanged among the rocks, as the two went rolling down the glen together; and De Grai was not unwilling to abandon the pursuit when the musketeer, coming to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and bloody, from the embrace of the stifling corpse.

What more is there to add? The bewildered Europeans rejoined their comrades, who were soon after on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodago descended from his eyry to collect the fugitive survivors of his band, and, after burying the slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance upon their murderers; the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the main body of the French army. The Count de Frontenac, returning to Canada, died soon afterward, and the existence of his half-blood daughter was soon forgotten. And—though among the dozen old families in the state of New York who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent from the offspring of the noble Kiodago and his Christian wife, yet the hand of genius, as displayed in the admirable picture of CHAPMAN and ADAMS, has alone rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's LAST ARROW.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

The whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And wheresoe'er my feet are turn'd,
A smile has met my sight.
The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth and power,
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower;

The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.
And O, where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

* The English mode of holding the arrow, as represented in the plate, is not common among our aborigines, who use the thumb for a purchase.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE CELEBRATION AT BUNKER HILL.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

"Oh! is not this a favour'd spot?

'Tis the high place of freedom's birth;

God of our fathers, is it not

The holiest spot of all the earth?"

I said, as I gazed on the immense multitude which crowded Boston heights, on the late memorable and glorious celebration. It was a day of uncommon loveliness; a morning without clouds. The sun, as if exulting on the occasion, appeared in his most brilliant attire, and cast a flood of the purest light over the whole heavens. The air was soft and balmy; the atmosphere exhilarating, as if filled with the wild harpings of martyred souls, who hovered round, and chimed their sweet response to the many thousands there congregated. Amid that immense throng, my attention was particularly arrested by an aged man, who supported himself, partly by the fence on which he leaned, and partly by his staff. He gazed around upon the multitude; then raised his eyes to the noble spire, which towered in all the majesty of American glory; and covering his face with his hands, wept in the fulness of his soul.

I approached him with caution and deep respect; for there was a sacredness in his tears, which inspired me with awe, as I gazed upon his venerable form, bent with infirmity, while over his sunken temples the silvery locks flowed carelessly in the breeze. After the throng had dispersed, and the noise and shouts of the populace had ceased; although surrounded with loveliness and beauty, (for never were brighter eyes seen, in this land of song, than sparkled that day on that consecrated ground,) I tore myself from the fascination of their charms, and followed the aged veteran, determined, if possible, to learn the cause of his emotion. He was among the last who left the enchanted spot, when casting his eyes upward, he exclaimed, "Stand thou there, thou noble spire, a lasting monument of our nation's glory! and a terror to every foreign foe; lay your foundations deep, for the soil on which you stand was moistened by the choicest blood of my country." He tottered under the mingled emotions of his heart, and would have fallen had I not caught his arm; for in his enthusiasm, he had raised his hand, and the staff on which he leaned had dropped. I picked it up and presented it to him. He received it with gratitude—and as he walked along, I accompanied him.—"This is a proud day for America," I remarked, "and the excitement will be long felt by those who witnessed the interesting scene." Looking upon me with surprise, he

replied, "A proud day, indeed. I can remember well, when a foreign foe paraded through these streets, and brave-hearted colonists met the points of their bayonets." "You are weary," said I, "and if you will permit me to convey you to your home, I will order a carriage, and take you there." "You are near my home," said he, pointing to a neat white house, but a little distance from the road, "and if you will enter my humble dwelling, I will tell you a story, which will ever be fresh in my mind, and which this day's scene, old as I am, has rendered vivid in my remembrance." He was received at the door by an intelligent looking woman, who politely invited me to enter, which I did. Seated in his easy chair, surrounded by myself, Mrs. ——— and two fine lads, who, with their cheeks glowing with health and beauty, had just returned from the all-absorbing monument, he related the following narrative. "My name is Sidney; my forefathers were among those who were treated with rigor and cruelty, during the reign of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and in the commencement of the reign of James the 1st, fled from the kingdom to Holland. After remaining there a few years, they sailed for America, and in 1620, arrived in Plymouth, where the first permanent settlement was made in New England. The colony then was small; they landed amid all the perils and privations of a barren shore, and laboured under various difficulties in erecting habitations for their wives and children. At the time, Governor Winthrop and others came over, they brought the charter of the colony and founded Boston. My grandfather at that time became a resident of this town; he suffered much on account of the hostilities of the Indians, and lived through those days of terror and oppression, which tried the patriot spirits of our fathers. He had but one child, Frederick Sidney, who was the father of three sons, James, Henry, myself, and one daughter. He inherited all the energy of his father, and was one of the bravest men of the colony; he was among the first who rose up against the taxation imposed upon the colonists. The stamp act he deprecated; and helped muffle the bells when the knell of freedom was tolled in this place.

"He was determined with others to resist the enforcement of British laws, and when the bill was repealed in England, by our bold defender, William Pitt, he assisted in firing the cannon, and aided in all the festivities of joy; was one of those fearless ones, who, disguised in their Indian costume, poured the tea into the ocean, and came home rejoicing. My eldest brother, (who was married to one of the most lovely of women,) accompanied him. I can remember well, how my father spake to my mother as he entered, 'Come,

Isabel, make me some toast, and bring me some pure cold water; I had rather drink it until I die, than submit to British task-masters." And I can remember how she spread that oaken table, with a cloth white as the pure snow of heaven, and with what pleasure she listened to his relation of that daring attempt, as the tears fell from her eyes, on the head of my young sister, who stood by her side. On the 5th of Sept. 1774, my father was among the delegates, who met in Congress at Philadelphia. Their session continued eight weeks. Many and long were the speeches there made; their's was burning eloquence, their patriotism was pure, flowing from hearts firm in the cause of freedom. Their sound reasonings and ardent vindication of their rights, caused many of the British parliament to favour their cause, particularly Mr. Pitt, who spake in the highest terms of the Congress. My eldest brother, James, was a captain in the militia; my brother Henry was a bold, intrepid lieutenant, and I was eighteen years of age. Great was the excitement among us. We began to train ourselves to the use of the sword and musket, and were among the twelve thousand men who stood ready to march at a moment's warning; determined not to submit, but maintain our rights against the most powerful nation in the world.

"At this time, the colonists had collected a quantity of provisions and military stores at Concord, which Genl. Gage resolved to destroy. This news spread like electricity, and bells and signal guns gave the alarm. My father and brother were at the battle of Lexington, and heard Maj. Piteairn exclaim, 'Disperse, you rebels.' Well I remember when Col. Ethan Allen demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga, and took it without resistance. And why? Because he demanded it in the name of the Great Jehovah! who fought our battles, and gave us the victory! Yes, the victory!"

"Here the old gentleman paused—and raising his eyes, exclaimed, "Oh! liberty! liberty! how dearly thou wert purchased! For thee the brightest flowers were withered that ever bloomed in this western Arendia. For thee men fell, whose hearts were firm as their own mountains. For thee mothers' cheeks became blanched, and the young, and the lovely wept over their hearts' first love beneath the moon's pale beams, and mingled their souls' deep symphonies with the breeze of evening. Congress again assembled in May, 1775, when John Hancock was chosen President, and voted that an army of twenty thousand men should be raised, under the command of the immortal WASHINGTON. Many a night have we sat in close debate, and many and fervent were the prayers of-

fered under my paternal roof. My brother's wife, as I have before mentioned, was truly lovely, she was ardently attached to her husband, often have I seen her twine her affectionate arms around his neck, the tears flowing like rain from her beautiful eyes, and exclaim, 'I love you, James, and I love my country; be faithful to its cause, and when peace spreads her soft banner over us, may we, with our sweet little one, rest in calm security beneath its flowing banners.' My mother possessed a true Roman spirit, while her heart was filled with the finest sensibilities of woman. How often have I seen her weep as she wiped the dust from our muskets, and smile through her tears as she gave them to us, saying, 'Never forsake your cause; be firm; be faithful!' The evening preceding the eventful battle on Bunker Hill, we sat around our table, for the last time together; we gazed upon each other in silence. My mother spoke not, but her countenance was voluminous with feeling too deep for utterance. My sister, paler than the mountain lily, looked upon her husband with intense affection, as the tears fell fast on her sleeping babe, which lay cradled on her bosom; she rested her head upon her hand, waiting for the usual blessing to be implored. My father attempted to speak, but could not: the solemnity of death reigned in that peaceful dwelling, broken only by sighs from the heart's deep fountain. At length, my aged grandfather, lifting his trembling hands, and raising his streaming eyes to heaven, prayed that 'God would give us the victory over our enemies, bless us together, bless us when separated, and finally, gather us an unbroken band in heaven.' It was our last meal, and it was a cheerful one; like the Israelites of old, it was eaten with bitter herbs. The hour of separation had come! My father and brothers were to leave immediately, and commence operations on Breed's Hill, at midnight. We separated, amid sobs and groans! As the door closed on those beloved ones, my mother sank beside my aged sire, and buried her face in his knees; he laid his clasped hands upon her head, and bowed his silvered brow in silence, and incense, pure and holy, ascended to heaven from their souls' deep orisons! As I received from the arms of my sister her sleeping babe, her blue eyes opened from her tranquil slumbers amid this scene of anguish, as the light of heaven gleams forth amid the gathering tempests. Oh! 'twas a night of thrilling interest, one I shall never cease to remember!" exclaimed the old man with excitement. "The morning was ushered in by the roar of artillery, and every house-top, hill, and street was crowded with anxious spectators. I need not tell you how nobly they fought, how repeatedly they

vanquished the foe; I need not say how they retreated, overcome by numbers. There the brave Warren fell—and with him—my two brothers!"—

But never were my feelings more strongly excited, and my heart more deeply touched, than while listening to the narrative of the descendant of those who fled from the cruel rage of oppression, and found an asylum—

"Where the star-bangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Sag Harbor, L. I., Oct. 24, 1840.

From the Metropolitan.

IDLE WORDS.

BY MAJOR C. CAMPBELL.

The strongest love hath yet, at times,
A weakness in its power;
And latent sickness often sends
The madness of an hour!
To her I loved, in bitterness
I said a cruel thing:—
Ah me! how much misery
From idle words may spring!

I loved her then—I love her still;
But there was in my blood
A growing fever, that did give
Its frenzy to my mood;
I sneer'd because *another's* sneers
Had power my heart to wring;—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

And when, with tears of wonder, she
Look'd up into my face,
I coldly turn'd away mine eyes,
Avoiding her embrace;
Idly I spake of idle doubts,
And many an idler thing:—
Ah me! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

'Twas over soon the *cause*,—not soon
The sad *effects* pass'd by:—
They rule me 'neath the summer's sun,
And 'neath the winter's sky!
I sought forgiveness. . . . She forgave,
But kept the lurking sting!
Alas! how much of misery
From idle words may spring!

Month after month—year after year,
I strove to win again
The heart an idle word had lost,
But strove, alas! in vain.
Oh! ye who love, beware, lest thorns
Across Love's path ye fling;
Ye little know what misery
From IDLE WORDS may spring!

THE STORY OF DAVID DUNBAR.

It was a mild evening in August, neither cold nor warm; we had been journeying through North Wales, and had selected as our abiding-place, the little inn of Tanly Bwlich. Resolved to see as much as possible of the surrounding country, in our own way, we strolled up the path leading to the Hall, and looked from the terrace along the picturesque Vale of Festining. Each moment of our stay added to the beauty of the scene; a soft mist, so transparent that every object appeared through it was creeping up the opposite mountains, as it were from the depths of the valley, towards the clouds that seemed to hang on the projecting or towering rocks, as if weighed down by the purple and gold of heaven's abundant treasury. The sun was sinking below the trees, and its lights, broken into a thousand different tints, flashed across the valley, creating beauties, and producing effects, which, though I well remember, I may not attempt to describe.

At last, and more quickly than I desired, these enchantments vanished; the mist thickened, though all immediately around us remained clear—the clear gray tint of an autumnal twilight. We followed the upward path that wound and wound, now around a gigantic tree, now circling the base of some stately rock, every fissure of which was garlanded by creeping plants. Suddenly, we emerged on a platform of soft green turf, commanding another view of the valley, more limited than that we had gazed upon a few minutes before, and altogether a different character of beauty. The moon had risen, but its light looked to us so thin and pale, as hardly to deserve the name; and we were half inclined to murmur at the change, when the tones of a voice, once familiar, and still well remembered, made me look around. A gentleman and lady were seated on a grass bench, a little below the spot on which we stood; the gentleman had just inquired of his companion,

"And what in the perspective?"

There was nothing remarkable in the words; they might relate to the landscape, or I might have wrongly caught the sound, had they had reference to those prospects of the future which we create, and time destroys. And yet what a multitude of memories they brought upon me! The speaker, I know, could be no other than David Dunbar, whom I had known about five years before, and who, every one said, would hereafter rival Turner, and paint as well as Claude. Whether such anticipations were just, I could not say; I thought his pictures beautiful, but admired still more the honest, true enthusiasm, and

warmth of his nature; a bushy dell—a noble tree—a bounding deer—a waterfall—a light—or the shadow of a cloud upon a hill—were to him sources of exquisite enjoyment; there was no affectation in this; it was genuine joy that illuminated his fine eyes and made his whole countenance radiant—flushing his cheek and brow. He luxuriated in the beauties of creation—Nature was not only his every day, but his holiday book; he read it—felt it—understood it—loved it—illustrated it—and all was hallowed by his fine susceptibilities of the good, as well as the beautiful. His religion had found its temple in the universe, and never did he point out a beauty, or direct attention to a particular object which attracted his admiration, without adding, “And this enjoyment is given me by the Almighty!” He never prayed but to praise, and was abundantly gratified for the power of noting the graces or glories of creation on his canvass. How delightful to meet him at such a time, on such a spot! The anticipation of hearing him speak of the wonders we had both seen to pass over the valley, prompted the joyful explanation of recognition that commanded his attention. He arose to meet me—held out his hand as frankly, as kindly as ever; the smile on his expressive mouth was unchanged—but his eyes! I looked up to meet their welcome—alas! the eyes of David Dunbar were sightless. I was shocked beyond the power of utterance. He felt my hands tremble. “You did not hear it then?” he said, as we all sat down on the green bench from which he had risen.

I could not speak, but I looked mournfully into his face; I dared not ask, “How was it?”

“Total eclipse!”

to him whose life was light!

After a pause, his companion said, “You have not introduced me.” How glad I was she spoke! the silence of those few moments had grown insupportable. “My wife, my Mary,” he answered, and then continued, “When this affliction came, she would have me—I told her it was very foolish; but I suppose she thought a blind husband would be easily led. And she does lead me,” he added, in that tone of deep tenderness which goes straight to the heart—“She does lead me—she is, as much as mortal can be, eyes to the blind.” How hard it was to look at him and command words. I had seldom seen even a picture of more than ordinary interest, that the idea of what David Dunbar would say or think of it had not occurred to me. I had never looked upon a beautiful scene without wishing his return; for though he had been abroad for three years, the remembrance of his relish for all things excellent was fresh in my memory

He was totally blind—no ray of outward light illuminated him, the sun—the moon, the river—the ocean, hill, dale, tree, and forest, were to him but history. And yet how happy was it to feel, while looking on his sightless countenance, that though sorrow and pain had been there, their bitterness was past; every feature expressed not only resignation, but cheerfulness; and when I turned my gaze on her, who, to use his own beautiful application of the holy passage “had been eyes to the blind,” I blessed her with my whole heart, and could not wonder that, striking as he had been in the days of his youth, he was still the happy-spirited being I had so long known, so highly esteemed.

She seemed a fitting object to a painter’s love—her beauty was unobtrusive, but insinuating without design; one glance told me there was much to see, and much to note; for every emotion vibrated through her features; and yet it was pencilled, rather than a painted, loveliness—a beauty shadowy enough for dreams, yet endowed as I afterwards found, with tenderness, truth, and virtue; three best and truest attributes of women—the first being the foundation of all gentleness—the second, of true bravery—the third, a circlet of glory over the domestic hearth—her true throne. I could not allude to her husband’s misfortunes; but he told the tale himself, as one tells a fearful trial, not only past, but overcome.

He had been but a few weeks returned, rich with the accumulated knowledge of the south—his folios filled with sketches, his brain with high ideas and fine images, which he was only restrained from working out immediately by his desire to visit “his Mary,” a young lady whom he had long and deeply loved.

He found her unchanged in mind, improved in beauty; they talked of the future—and before he went out of his father’s house to sketch a scene which the old gentleman wished to possess—she had whispered her consent to become his wife:—he said, when better days should come and he should gather in the golden harvest of a noble fame. At which she laughed, and promised to tell him that evening a secret he little dreamed of. He bounded across the lawn, full of life and hope—then paused to sketch her figure as she sat under the verandah, pretending to read—time out of mind, one of love’s sweet deceptions—to seem to read—when we are watching, ay, with a beating heart every movement of the one we love. I saw the sketch—it was his last—by the time he had reached the point from which the view was to be taken, it suddenly began to rain, and some few mutterings of thunder, sent him to take shelter in a fishing cottage, that overhung a lake—the object of

his excursion. It was strange, he said, that the disturbance of the clouds hardly deserved the name of a thunder-storm; a few were of a heavy leaden hue, edged here and there by a dark copper colour, as if some malignant fiend had flung that peculiar glare from his torch upon them. There was no wind among the trees, no ripple on the river—all was hushed—and as he sat watching the heavens, and calmly speculating upon the power which impelled the dark clouds towards each other, he heard distinctly the splashing of the huge drops of rain as they fell slowly and almost singly into the water. A thrush continued to pour her gushing tide of song from amid the foliage of a white thorn tree, regardless of the rain and darkness. "I never," he added, "could wish a storm to terminate; the beautiful variety of the tints it throws upon the earth had for me an ever changing, yet perpetual charm; and the luxurious tranquillity of my mind—the blessed confidence in my Mary's love—the success, far beyond my hopes, which had already crowned my exertions, made me as assured of happiness as a human being could be. My dreams were of the future—of the perfecting of love, and the achievement of fame! How delicious to an enthusiast is both! It is impossible to trace the progress of lightning—yet certainly before it struck—at the moment when the clouds sprang apart, *I saw the flash*, which deprived me of my sight forever, and of consciousness for a time."

"Do not speak of it, dearest," murmured his wife; "it does you harm."

"No, no, it does me good. I am wiser—better—happier—than I was then. It taught me a knowledge, which else, I should have never acquired: a knowledge of the unfathomable depths of woman's love."

Mary blushed; but it was not in nature not to feel gratified at such a tribute. She thanked him by a pressure of the hand, which he felt, and understood.

"We will talk of it no more," she said.

"But we may talk of happiness," he answered; "I must tell the secret which Mary promised me on my return; that she had been made rich by the death of a distant relative, of whom I had never heard that she ———"

But his wife would not suffer him to continue.

"Well," he exclaimed, "for this one evening I must be an egotist. I must tell my friends the advantage of blindness. Sounds have become to me even as sights. I see a landscape in the voice of every bird that sings; the nightingale is *my* moon; the black bird my thicket; the plover, my wild, uncultivated heath; the robin, my English cottage; the sparrow, my pert wayside schoolboy; the very grasshopper, my fresh green meadow.

I associate other sounds with Italy; and each natural perfume peoples *my* world with fresh creations. My ideal beauty is never destroyed by unpleasing reality. I shall never think my wife grows old, or my friend ugly. If I cannot see new objects of interest, I can imagine them without the danger of having the ideal destroyed by the real. I can tell the tree under which I stand by the rustling of its leaves. Believe me, the world has no blank for a well-regulated and industrious mind—nor is there any darkness so profound which the imagination cannot illuminate. I bless God for the past; I bless Him greatly for the present; and I know I shall have to bless Him for the future. I visit the most beautiful spots in the world; and if, to my inquiry of 'What in the perspective?' Mary should be compelled to answer, 'Nothing striking,' I create something that shall please me."

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

STANZAS.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears.

T. MOORE.

When waves of trouble o'er me roll,
And friends of early years
No longer with their smiles console
My grief-worn heart—my sadden'd soul—
O! then "there's bliss in tears."

When those I love prove all untrue
Amid my doubts and fears,
And I my wayward course pursue,
With only sorrow full in view—
O! then "there's bliss in tears."

When far away from every friend,
And all that home endears,
My cheerless hours alone I spend,
Where none the friendly hand extend—
O! then "there's bliss in tears."

And when misfortunes round me cling,
And blighted hope appears;
My harp—a tuneless, shatter'd thing—
Its broken chords shall wildly sing,
O! then "there's bliss in tears."

When this frail body shall decay,
And death approaches near,
Then let my spirit soar away,
And find a home in endless day—
In bliss without a tear.

J. R. L.

Harmony, N. J., Dec. 10, 1840.

YOUTH AND RICHES.—The proverb says—
He who hath good health is young, and he is
rich who owes nothing.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

"Is the boy sick?" asked Mr. Lingley, with a look of anxiety and alarm, as he entered the room, and saw his young and beautiful wife, sitting beside the cradle of her sleeping infant, weeping most bitterly. "Is the boy sick?"

"No," answered the afflicted lady, "he is quite well."

"Then what is the matter, my dear Emily? what occasions this flood of tears?" Mr. Lindley seated himself beside his wife, and took her hand while speaking.

"I am worn out with this perpetual confinement," answered Mrs. Lindley; "this unvarying round of dull domestic care."

"Perpetual confinement, my dear?" said Mr. Lindley; "did you not spend yesterday with your mother; and take a drive into the country the day before? Come, dearest, dry up your tears, and listen to an interesting book I have brought home with me, purposefully to read aloud to you."

"Your book would be but a poor substitute for society," said Mrs. Lindley, who still sat with her head inclined, looking the very picture of sorrow and discontent: "I am suffering for society—suffering to mingle again with the world, as I used to do." After a momentary pause she continued—"Sophia was in just now, dressed so beautifully:—on her way to Mr. Whitewell's party. All the world will be there—poor I excepted!" A fresh gush of tears called anew for the use of her kerchief.

"Young ladies have little else to do than to attend parties," said Mr. Lindley; "we, happily, have better engagements, and more precious pleasures."

"Married ladies seem no more confined than single ones," said Mrs. Lindley, who seemed to have heard only the first part of her husband's remarks. "Mrs. Bank and Mrs. Southwell, and indeed all of my friends, are to be at Mr. Whitewell's to-night. No one but myself is in bondage. Every one besides can have a nursery maid, and all else that is necessary to make them comfortable and happy."

"I am sorry that we cannot have a nursery maid, since you think it would conduce to your happiness; though, for my own part, I would rather that my dear Emily should have the charge of our darling boy, than entrust him to the care of almost any hireling that could be found."

Again the first part only of what Mr. Lindley said, seemed to meet the ear of his wife. Her voice was never harsh—never loud—but it certainly did not sound sweetly, as in a kind of low guttural she replied:—"Some

gentlemen choose to think they can afford but very little to make a wife happy!"

Mr. Lindley dropped the hand he had till then held in his, and rising, walked the floor rapidly. He did not whistle—he did not sing—but he just made the notes of a tune audible, as he inhaled and exhaled the air between his scarcely parted lips. After some ten or fifteen minutes spent in this manner, he suddenly seized the volumes he had mentioned, and seating himself near the lamp, began to turn the leaves. Meanwhile Mrs. Lindley neither spoke nor moved. Her head rested on her hand, and her eyes sought the carpet, but no tear fell, for her feelings were too highly excited to permit them longer to flow. The disturbed husband found his book a vain resource; and after twirling the leaves a few minutes, he threw it on the table, and left the room. The next moment his wife heard the street door close behind him.

Then indeed came a fresh flood of tears.—"This," she exclaimed, as she covered her face with her hands; "This is the sympathy he feels for me! To leave me thus to perfect solitude!" Mrs. Lindley was now wrought up to real agony. The infant at this moment awoke, and clasping him to her bosom, she cried;—"Yes, darling, your father's feelings are such towards your poor mother, that to avoid her society, he is even willing to leave you, dearly as he loves you!"

With the unconscious infant cradled in her arms, the mother indulged herself in looking back on the gilded scenes of her youth; or rather her unvaried life: for her youth was yet in all its freshness and beauty. Her freedom from care—from confinement—the parties—the balls—the concerts—the drives—all come upon her:

"While memory, covered with flowers,
Restored every rose, but secreted its thorn."

In the retrospect, the picture was all brightness; all gladness; and what was her present lot. How great was the contrast! No variety; no pleasure; "all her days are twins;" a perpetual round of petty household cares, and a helpless infant always by her side or in her arms! How dark did a disturbed imagination render the review! She thought and wept until she verily believed herself the most wretched woman alive; while at the bottom of all lay a feeling of displeasure against her husband, as if he was the wilful cause of all her troubles.

For nearly an hour Mrs. Lindley indulged herself in these purely selfish musings, murmurings and regrets, when the clock, in a neighboring street, striking the hour of nine, aroused her. "Where can George be?" she cried. She felt some alarm; and laying her again sleeping infant in the cradle, she went

to the window, and thence to the door, to learn if he were coming. The street was quite still, not a footstep was to be heard; and with conflicting feelings she re-seated herself beside her child. "O, he is cruel," thought she; "where can he be? In his office, or where? Oh, where? Oh, that he would come."

On the whole, Mrs. Lindley was not only a rational creature, but a reasonable and reasoning woman; and the period had now arrived for a revulsion of feeling. Other views began to present themselves to her mind.

"It is I, I myself that am cruel!" thought she; "how happy we might have been this evening, had I not driven him from me! How tender he was; and how kind, to bring a book purposely to read to me! He is willing to forego his society for my sake; and cannot I mine for his? And after all, what is there so desirable about a party? Did I ever attend one, however brilliant, however gay, where, from some source or other, there was not as much suffered as enjoyed? Did I ever attend one in which I did not hear or see expressed the working of envy, or jealousy, or contempt, or ridicule? In such scenes did I not experience quite as much pain as pleasure, unless, indeed, I could secure the individual attention of George? And now he is all my own, and I drive him from me? What did I not endure when doubtful whether he loved me? whether he would ask me to be his? What were my thoughts when he once said to me, 'that with his present fortune, he should not dare to ask the woman that he loved to unite her fate to his, on account of the privations she must undergo?' Oh, did I not think with him for a companion, the most humble establishment would be a paradise? and that no self-denial would be severe? and now that I am his wife, I drive him from me by cruel repinings. Oh, where can he be?"

Again she went to the window—to the door; but in vain; no husband was to be seen or heard. How gloomy, how desolate, did her comfortable and well furnished little parlour appear, as she re-entered it. "Oh!" cried she, "what sunshine were his smile shed around! but I have displeased, grieved, wounded, forced him from me!"

Never had an hour in Mrs. Lindley's life dragged itself along so slowly as the present; and it was not until after the clock had struck ten that the well known footsteps of her husband met her listening ear. With a bound, she met him in the entry.

"O, my dear George, how glad I am you are come."

Her husband made no distinct answer, but entered the parlour, and advancing to the mantle, rested his elbow upon it, and leaned

his head upon his hand. His countenance was clouded, yet, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Dearest George, will you forgive me?" said the trembling wife, while she twined her arm in his and looked imploringly in his face; will you, can you, forgive my folly, my cruelty?"

"Yes, Emily, I can do any thing you ask of me."

"O, George, don't speak so coldly; so sadly Alas! I have made you very unhappy!"

"You have, Emily; for I fear your union with me requires sacrifices you are unable cheerfully to make."

"O, say not, think not so, my dearest husband! for, notwithstanding appearances are so much against me, it is not so. Since you left me this evening," she added, while a faint smile strove to chase away the gathering tears—"since you left me I have had ample time for reflection—for retrospection. I have reviewed my married and my single life; and my cruelty, and my ingratitude, my childish perverseness to-night, have caused me the most bitter self-upbraidings. May you never know a pang like that which shot through my heart when the thought struck me, that the great Disposer of events might free me from care, as he has freed poor Charlotte, by taking from me husband and child! I cannot forgive myself—but oh, say that you forgive me!"

"Forgive you, dearest Emily! I have nothing to forgive, if you will only be happy."

"O, I am most happy,—blessed in having such a husband. This bitter—*bitter* evening has taught me that all my joys cannot be crowded into one state or period; and I do think I can never again regret the giddy pleasures of my youth, while in possession of those so much more precious. Henceforth it shall be my pleasure to strive to make you as happy as you make me; and to educate our boy as like his father as possible. O, say once more that you forgive me—for depend upon it, I can never again be so foolish; so cruel; so wicked!"

The husband bent forward and imprinted a long kiss on the forehead of the suppliant. She looked up, and his eyes, beaming with love and renewed confidence, gave her perfect assurance that all was forgiven—forgotten!

If it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book—yea, or without a book—there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly.
—Milton.

THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

The following tale illustrates one of the many instances of distress existing among the poor seamstresses of the city, and the lady who has communicated it for publication in the *Mirror* vouches for its authenticity.

"Do you give out work here?" said a voice, so soft, so lady-like, that I involuntarily looked up from the purse I was about purchasing for my darling boy, a birth-day gift from his papa.

"Do you give out work here?"

"Not to strangers," was the rude reply.

The "stranger" turned and walked away.

"That purse is very cheap, ma'am."

"I do not wish it now," said I, as taking up my parisol, I left the shop, and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on her forehead—her eyes too were very black, and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a miserable looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow farther?—she was evidently suffering much—I was happy—blessed with wealth, and O, how blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross looking woman.

"Is there any person here that does plain sewing?" I enquired.

"I guess not," was the reply. "There is a woman up stairs, who used to work, but she can't get any more to do—and I shall turn her out to-morrow."

"Let me go up," said I, as, passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs.

"You can keep on up to the garret," she screamed after me—and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not—but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high, pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bed clothes—words broke from his lips "I cannot pay you now," I heard him say, poor fellow! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed mildly upon me. It was no time for

ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, and perhaps starvation, were before me—"I came to look for a person to do plain work," was all I could say.

"O, give it me," she sobbed. "Two days we have not tasted food!—and to-morrow ——" She gasped, and tried to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving!

"Be comforted—you shall want no more."

I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in sunny West Indian isle—her childhood's home; of the death of her father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left that home, hoping to find a brother in America—how she sought in vain, but found instead a husband; he, too, an Englishman, a gentleman and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love; alone in a crowd, all the world to each other, they married—he procured employment in a school—she, plain needlework. Too close attention to the duties of his school, long walks and scanty fare, brought ill health, and confined him at length to his bed.

The shop from which his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resource was cut off. She had looked long, weary days for employment—many had none to give—others "gave no work out to strangers." Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then I trust, they found, indeed a comforter in heaven!

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appalling look he gave me; I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago. I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said, of her George—she called me the kind and only friend—begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still deep night, I heard her murmur—"Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me!—O, mamma, why did you leave me?" Then, again, she said, "Give me an orange, my sister—I am very faint." Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

"Lay me by my George, and God will bless you," were her last words to me. I led my hushed children to look upon her sweet, pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; and then I told them of the sin, the cruelty, of those who wound the "stranger's heart."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

MARY WASHINGTON.

BY J. WHEELER.

"Is woman's lovely frame

A gemless casket, fitted but to claim

The eye's devotion? Perish such a thought!

Here, learn her worth, and prize her as ye ought."

The mother of the patriot, soldier and statesman, George Washington, has been but little known to the great mass of American people. It is seldom that a sketch of her life, much more a full and authentic memoir can be met with. Indeed, it is a lamentable fact that while the deeds and attractive qualities of the females of other countries are held up to view, those of our own, many of whom have far higher claims to distinction than the titled dames of Europe, are left neglected. But to our sketch.

Mrs. Washington was descended from the family of Ball, English colonists, who settled on the banks of the Potomac. Bred up in the domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia ladies in those days, she became well fitted to perform the duties which were destined to devolve upon her. By the death of her husband, the cares of a young family became hers, at a period when the aid and control of the stronger sex are most needed. Thus was it left for this eminent woman, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to instill into the mind of her son, those great and essential qualities, which formed a hero destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and the admiration of ages yet to come.

At the time of his father's death, George Washington was but twelve years of age. Of him he has been heard to say that he knew but little; 'twas to his mother's fostering care, that he ascribed the origin of his fortune and his fame.

In the home of Mrs. Washington the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a well regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the spring time of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus was her son taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Nor did he ever fail in that duty; but to the latest moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her with the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect and most enthusiastic attachment.

The late Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Chotank, one of the associates of the juvenile years of the chief, and remembered by him in

his will, thus describes the home of his mother: 'I was often there with George, his playmate, schoolmate and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. she awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grand-parent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings which it is impossible to describe.'

Upon Washington's appointment to the command of the American armies, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation more remote from danger and nearer to her friends and relatives. There she remained during the period of the revolution, directly in the way of the news as it proceeded from north to south. Often would one courier bring intelligence of success to our armies,—another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat.

During the war, and indeed during the whole period of her useful life up to the advanced age of eighty-two, Mrs. Washington set a most valuable example in the management of her domestic concerns. In her household arrangements she was never actuated by that ambition for show which pervades weaker minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in no wise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. Her industry and the well regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled her to dispense considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were far from being affluent. There, in an humble dwelling, lived this mother of the first of men, preserving unchanged her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

She was continually visited and solaced by her children, and numerous grand children, particularly by her daughter Mrs. Lewis; to the repeated and earnest solicitations of this lady, that she would remove to her home, and pass the remainder of her days; to the pressing entreaties of her son that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her age, the matron replied, 'I thank you for your affectionate and dutiful offers, but my wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself.'

One weakness alone attached to this lofty minded and intrepid woman, and that proceeded from a very affecting cause. She was afraid of lightning. In early life she had a female friend killed by her side, while sitting at table; the knife and fork, in the hands of the unfortunate girl, were melted by the electric fluid. The matron never reco-

vered from the fright and shock occasioned by this distressing accident. On the approach of a thunder cloud she would retire to her chamber, and not leave it again till the storm had passed away.

She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things she communed with her Creator in humiliation and prayer.

At length, after an absence of nearly seven years, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, it was permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. And now mark the force of early education and habits. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot, the marshal of France, the general in chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame.

The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the work of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well remembered and endearing name of his childhood; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines, which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance; spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—not one word!

Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their hero. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show, which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, but becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous though reserved. She received the complimentary

attentions which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasure, retired.

The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips, and they observed, that if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful that the sons were illustrious.

The Marquis de Lafayette, previous to his departure for Europe, repaired to Fredericksburg to pay her his parting respects, and to ask her blessing. As he approached the house, he beheld her working in the garden, clad in domestic made cloths, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat! She saluted him kindly, observing—"Oh, Marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

In her person, Mrs. Washington was of the middle size; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. In her latter days she spoke often of her own *good boy*, of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself, but of the deliverer of his country, of the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke! Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She taught him to be *good*; that he became *great* when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

Thus lived and died that distinguished woman. Had she been a Roman dame, statues would have been erected to her memory in the capitol, and we should have read in classic pages the story of her virtues.

A splendid monument has recently been erected to her memory, at Fredericksburg, where her ashes repose. The ceremony of laying the corner stone was solemn and affecting. It was a late, but just tribute to her, who gave to our country its noblest son. For taste and effect this monument is the finest specimen of art in the United States. It is forty five feet from the base to the summit, mounted by a colossal bust of George Washington, and surmounted by the American Eagle, in the attitude of dropping a civic wreath upon the head of the hero. The inscription is simple and affecting:

MARY,
THE MOTHER OF
WASHINGTON.

When that sacred column shall, in after

ages, be visited by the American pilgrim, let him recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and give to woman her just and real worth.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1840.

A GLANCE AT LONDON.

A London correspondent of the New York American gives this view of the great metropolis from the top of St. Paul's.

"We entered the ball on the cross, 375 feet high. Our vision took in the entire of the vast metropolis. What thoughts revelled in our minds! Would we could transcribe them! What a city is London! Every body has heard of its West End—that abode of fashion and royalty. It is an empire by itself. The habits, pursuits, thoughts, hopes, fears, of its inhabitants differ "wide as the poles asunder" from those of the east and centre. One portion sink into the arms of repose, just as the other enter on the threshold of a busy day. Stand on the top of St. Paul's at nine in the evening. Brilliancy and bustle flash on the eye and fall on the ear in all directions, to the remotest verge of the city. For two hours all is life and gayety.

As the great Cathedral clock strikes eleven, the din in the eastern and central portions of the metropolis gradually dies away into a confused hum, which, ere the hour of one is told, gives place to a profound stillness, broken only by the stealthy footfall of the watchman, or the occasional rattle of the solitary cab. Light after light has faded from the windows, and the trading and labouring populace have sunk to slumber. How different the scenes at the West End. The noise of the carriages, conveying home the members of Parliament, or passing to and from the dinner and dancing parties of the nobility, is equalled only by the brilliancy which flashes from bower and hall. The melody of the waltz steals sweetly and faintly on the listener in the intervals of the din of revelry. It is the very noon of the West End! One, two, and even three, are counted off by the tireless sentinel of St. Paul's, and daylight dapples the East, ere the dwellers in Buckingham House, Regent street, Portland Place, and Picadilla seek their uneasy pillows, or the Club Houses around St. James, cease to echo the clamor of politics.

From three to four—a single hour—silence, "deep as the tomb," reigns over the city. What thoughts now crowd the mind of the stranger! He looks down on the myriad buildings at his feet, piled around for miles, and fancies they are the sepulchres of the dead, and the lighted streets labyrinths in some vast charnel house. He is by-and-by roused

from his solemn reverie by the noise which feebly rises to his ear from the East. The clock tolls four. The sounds from below grow stronger and louder as the light in the horizon increases. Mile End, White Chapel Road, and Commercial Road, send up their distant echoes. The solitary midnight passenger on London Bridge has given place to scores, which are rapidly succeeded by hundreds, to be overwhelmed by thousands.

Five o'clock is passed. The shops are opening. Omnibusses whirl through Cheapside from Holborn, Charing Cross, Aldgate, and King William streets. The Thames shows signs of returning life. The little steamers darting under its bridges—the wharries are flying in all directions—St. Catharine's and the London Docks resound with the shouts of the sailors—the newsboys are crying the 'Toimes,' the 'Hurrlid,' the 'Chron,'—the fishwomen in Thames street have commenced their diurnal quarrel—the cab-men have waked from their last nap, and drive at a break-neck pace through the streets—the tide of humanity rolls over Blackfriars and London Bridges—and ere seven arrives, the great thoroughfares are flooded with the middle and lower classes, passing to their daily avocations. All this while the nobility and gentry of the West End, and the "soap locks," and drones of the East, press their pillows.

POCAHONTAS.

Upon the barren sand

A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood;
Like him of old his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war club swung;
The frantic girl of wild despair,
Her arms about him flung;
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

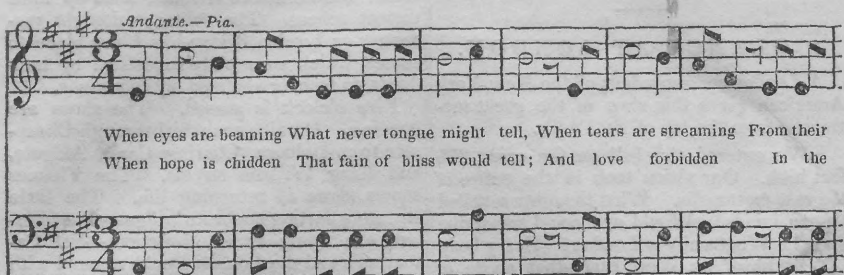
"Unbind him!" gasped the chief;
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

FAREWELL DUETT.

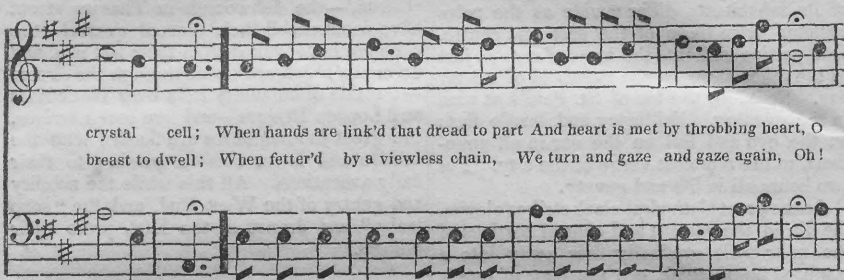
MUSIC BY J. SHOEMAKER.—COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE GARLAND

WORDS BY HEBER.

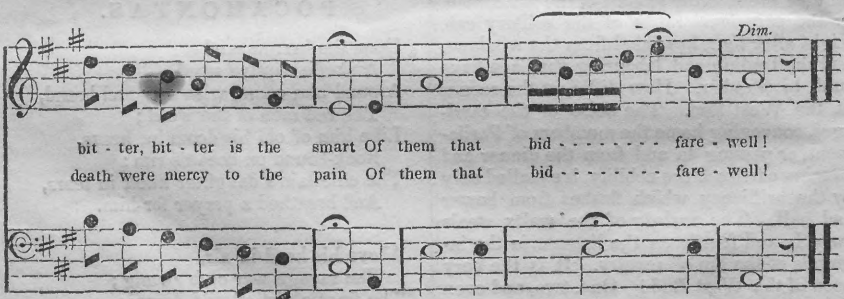
Andante.—Pia.



When eyes are beaming What never tongue might tell, When tears are streaming From their
When hope is chidden That fain of bliss would tell; And love forbidden In the



crystal cell; When hands are link'd that dread to part And heart is met by throbbing heart, O
breast to dwell; When fetter'd by a viewless chain, We turn and gaze and gaze again, Oh!



bit - ter, bit - ter is the smart Of them that bid fare - well!
death were mercy to the pain Of them that bid fare - well!

THE MAGIC OF A SMILE.—By C. H. WATERMAN.

Who has not felt the heart strings thrill.
The pulses sweetly play,
Like some unfetter'd flashing rill,
Beneath a sunlit ray,—

When, o'er a brightly beaming face,
Waked by glad thoughts the while,
Our eyes have fondly loved to trace
The magic of a smile?

It comes like starlight to the night,
Making, where'er thou art,
'Mid gloom, or care, a pathway bright,
A sabbath in the heart.

It tells of sunny hopes, and days,
That know no thoughts of guile,
For sweetly o'er the heart's harp plays
The magic of a smile.

GUNN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

"Gunn's Domestic Medicine, or Poor Man's Friend, points out in plain language, the Diseases of Men, Women and Children, and the latest and most approved means used for their cure; expressly for the benefit of Families; and a description of the Medicinal Roots of the United States, and how they are used in the cure of Diseases." 900 pages octavo. Published by G. V. Raymond, Louisville, Ky.

This is a work of much merit and usefulness, and has recently been thoroughly revised, enlarged and greatly improved. It contains a very valuable and highly interesting treatise on the Passions, showing their bearing upon the human system generally, and a concise dissertation on the causes and the treatment of the diseases known in the United States; together with a comprehensive list of the best remedies, their doses, &c., very useful in families when administering medicine, whether to old or young. It is also embellished with a handsome likeness of Dr. Gunn, who has been long and favourably known in the West, as an intelligent and skilful physician.

For sale at the office of the *Ladies' Garland*. Price, \$5 per copy, handsomely bound, and payable on delivery.

The following are a few of the recommendations which it has elicited :—

Louisville, Nov. 18, 1839.

JOHN C. GUNN, M. D.—I have, with pleasure, perused the work of Dr. John C. Gunn, entitled "Domestic Medicine; or, the Poor Man's Friend;" and having had the experience of nearly forty years' practice of Medicine myself, I feel satisfied that but few if any medical works contain more valuable and useful practical remarks, or comprise a more plain and concise method of treating diseases. It is truly suited to the plainest understanding, and well calculated to be instrumental in relieving the sufferings of thousands. WM. COCHRAN, M. D.

Louisville, Dec. 11, 1839.

To Dr. JOHN C. GUNN.—I have examined "Gunn's Domestic Medicine," and consider it a valuable compendium of the approved modern practice of physic, simplified and divested of technicality, to a degree that better adapts it to the use of families than any work of the kind within my knowledge.

WM. A. McDOWELL, M. D.

Dr. J. C. GUNN.—Dear Sir:—I have examined with care your "Domestic Medicine and Poor Man's Friend." It contains a comprehensive description of the diseases incident to the United States, as also the remedies to be employed; and with pleasure recommend it to all families, as being the established practice of the profession.

Respectfully, your ob't serv't,

J. W. KNIGHT, M. D.

Louisville, Dec. 9, 1839.

Louisville, Dec. 17, 1839.

JOHN C. GUNN, M. D.—I have examined "Gunn's Domestic Medicine," and cheerfully recommend it as a useful and safe guide in the practice of medicine on modern principles, simplified and adapted to the comprehension of non-professional readers, &c.

A. P. ELSTON, M. D.

Louisville, Dec. 11, 1839.

J. C. GUNN, M. D.—Dear Sir:—Having examined your "Domestic Medicine, and Poor Man's Friend," I state with pleasure that it is a compend of the practice of medicine, containing very much invaluable medical knowledge, and is well calculated for the perusal of all planters and farmers, who may, by following the directions therein given, not only save much expense, but be instrumental in saving many lives. The directions are plain, and the practice scientific, safe, and valuable.

J. W. BRITE, M. D.

Louisville, Dec. 17, 1839.

Dr. J. C. GUNN.—Dear Sir:—I have the satisfaction to inform you of my very favourable opinion of the arrangement and contents of your Domestic Medicine.

I feel confident that the value of it will be as justly appreciated by private families, &c. &c., as by your friend, &c. &c.,

W. C. GALT, M. D.

Louisville, Dec. 19, 1839.

Dear Sir:—I have looked through the REVISED EDITION of your work, and am pleased to see in it many things calculated to make it useful as a book of reference in DOMESTIC MEDICINE. Respectfully, &c., I am yours,

C. W. SHORT, M. D.

Prof. of Mat. Med. in the Louisville Med. Inst.

DOCT. GUNN.

Dr. J. C. GUNN.—I have attentively perused "Gunn's Domestic Medicine." I consider it the best popular work extant. It is the philosophy of medicine, divested of its scholastic technicalities. No families possessing this work will, in ordinary cases, have occasion to give away much money to a physician.

JAMES R. McCONOCKIE, M. D.

Honorary Member of the Med. Soc. of Phila.

Receipts, &c., by Mail, from Dec. 11, to Jan. 7, 1840, inclusive.

F. Fletcher, p.m., for J. W. Reynolds,	\$1 00	J. Hunt,	1 00
J. W. Canning, p.m., for H. Sears,	1 00	L. & W. Porter,	1 00
Capt. T. R. Hampton,	25 00	F. Foster,	3 00
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